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SECRET AREA OF VIP QUALITY | FANZINE

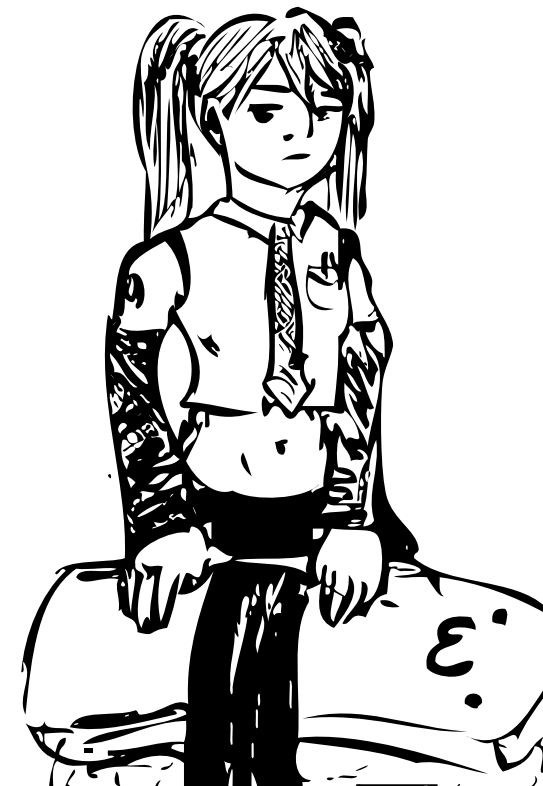
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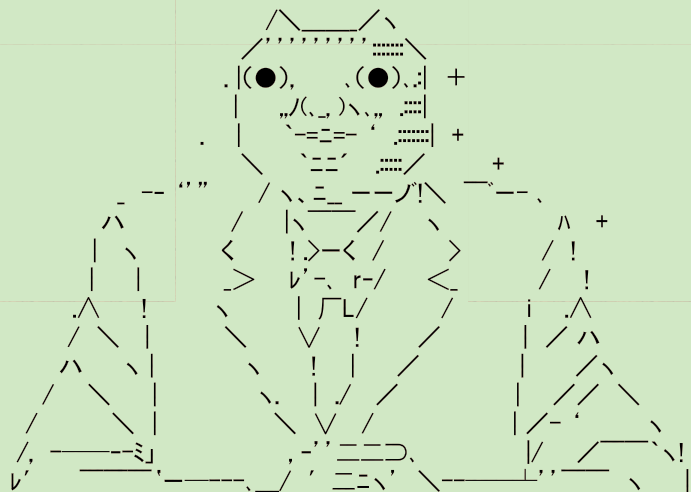


VIPTRONIX REVIEW
FIND YOUR TRUE PASSION
BIG POETRY
SHOCKING CONFESSIONS
CRITICAL ANALYSIS
OUTDATED WEBDESIGN
SELECTED WORKS OF AA ART
DELICIOUS RECIPES

AND NOTHING ELSE



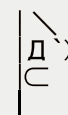
SECRET AREA OF VIP QUALITY FANZINE



“hello im daddycool the VIPPE Rjoin my community of VIPPERS if you payme enough i will give you access to a private area of VIP QUALITY ;)”

— DADDY COOL

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No one is here.
I can dance now !



RANTA TAN
RANTA TAN
RANTA RANTA
TAN



RANTA RANTA
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TAN

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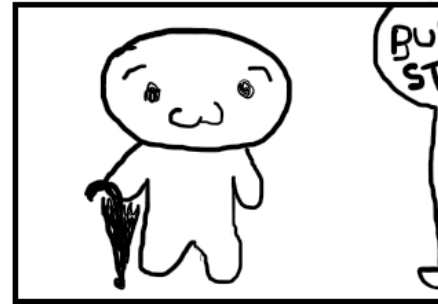
VIPPERmandias
Percy Bysshe Shelley

I met a poster from an antique board
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of threads
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the post,
Half sunk, a shattered AA lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled emoji, and sneer of cold mojbake,
Tell that its sculptor well those Shift-JIS read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hands that posted them and the eyes that read:
And on the subject field these words appear:
“My name is VIPPER, king of kings:
Look on my posts, ye Mighty, and despair!”
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level threads stretch far away

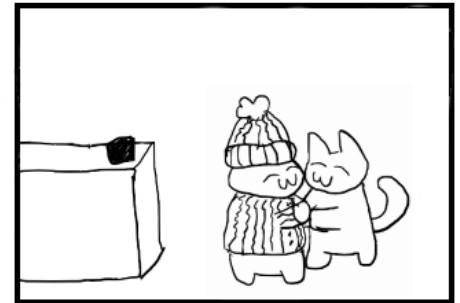
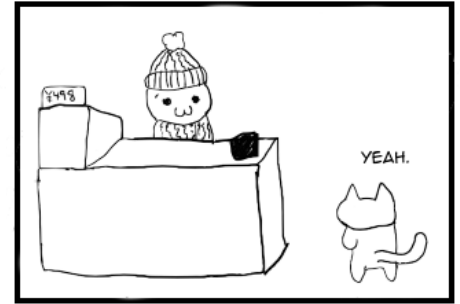
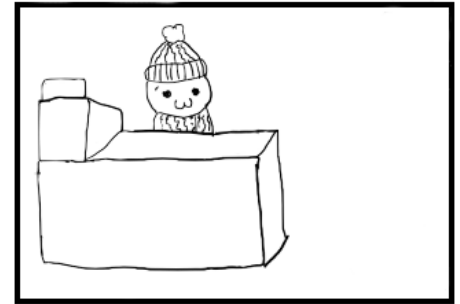
[COMICS] A gaijin's 4komas [warm] (2)

1 Name: **VIPPER** : 2002-01-12 19:31

I MET A CAT...

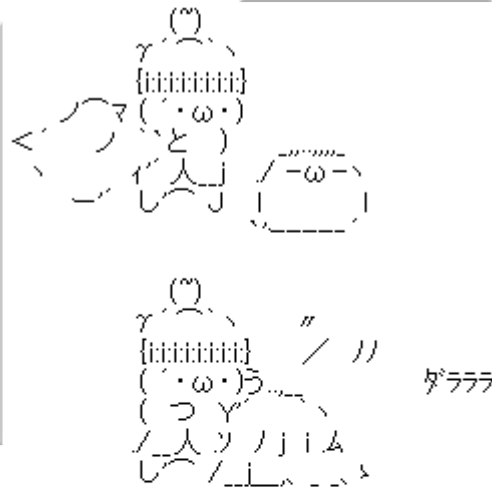


A GENTLE CLERK...



[SJIS] AA PAGE [TEXT-ART] (17)

2 Name: **VIPPER** : 2005-08-23 08:39



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[FOOD] Delicious crepe recipe [INSTRUCTION] (375)

14 Name: **VIPPER** : 2007-11-03 02:30



How to make (20-ish) VIP QUALITY crêpes

You will need:

- 375 g (1-2/3 cups) of flour (plain flour, not all-purpose)
- 6 eggs
- 750 ml (25 fl oz) of milk
- 75 g (2-2/3 oz) of butter
- 60 g (4 tbsp) of sugar
- 15 g (1 tbsp) of dark rum

Melt the butter (don't heat it too much, or the fatty part will separate). Put the molten butter, sugar, milk and eggs inside a large bowl, and mix the ingredients. Slowly, add the flour, mixing every few seconds (you should use a mixer for this). When you have added all the flour, keep mixing for a few minutes, until there are no flour globs left. Let it rest for half an hour.

Take a pan with a diameter of approximately 23 cm (9 in); heat it, then spread some butter over its whole surface.

With a ladle, put some dough in the pan. It should spread on its own, covering the whole surface (the first few crêpes you make will probably be messed up, try using slightly more or slightly less dough to get a good size). After about 30 seconds, flip it around with a palette knife. Wait thirty more seconds, then take it out of the pan and put it onto a plate. Repeat until there is no more dough left.

You can eat these crêpes with sugar, jam, maple sirup, whipped cream, and pretty much anything sugary.

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shobon making crepes
in VIPPER heaven

% COOL CANDY CAVE [PART 1] (56)

13 Name: VIPPER : NOCTEMBER 8083^5, 1

In a fetid cave, another curled husk awakens to harsh fluorescent light in its eyes. It shades its wrinkled eyes, squinting into the blinding heav-enshine. It stammers drythroatedly about ap-ple-sauce. A plea and a sermon. The light ignores it. It proclaims,

“You are an unlawful resident of this protected historical domain. Vacate the premises immedi-ately.”

This is a matter of formality. The fetid creature could never comprehend the Luscious Law.

The creature does not struggle as two unre-markable agents drag him out by the shoulders. Two more agents march in with their spray bot-tles of lemon scent. They dutifully squirt their fragrance into the atmosphere, although a new smelly resident will move in soon enough. A Sisyphean struggle against the degenerates. The Putrijunction Cave Police keeps laughably lit-tle order in this great gastronomic ghetto, but they have a monthly quota.

The creature is thrown into Gumdrop Canyon. The body falls five hundred stories into the sweet colorful rift and bounces. Gumdrop Ghouls swarm the creature and dissolve it, and the Lus-cious Law Lives On.

~~~~~

Candy Cane Cevin mumbled the equipment mantra. Candy Cane. Tropical Top Hat. Suc-culent Scarf. Phosphorous Phone. Grapefruit Grapplehook. Ready. Cevin stepped out into a wide boulevard and started walking rapidly but not hurriedly down the street. The Candy Canes were Putrijunction Cave Police’s elite task force, special agents for extra-saccharine work. Cevin and his team upheld the Luscious Law with their red-white staffs of justice. All the citi-zens Cevin passed regarded him with both fear and respect, and Cevin tipped his hat to each of them. Fruity trees flourished and flowered in the glowing light of the Starburst Sun, miles above on the ceiling of Putrijunction Cave. Nobody knew who controlled the Sun, but all were grate-ful for its warm glowing rays.

Cevin came to the station, a grand building with ivory columns. He flashed his Candy Cane in lieu of ticket, the station master nodded. Cevin boarded the Truffle Train, a metal box that

transported the farmers of Putrijunction Cave between their homes and jobs. Most people here were candy manufacturers, their job determined from birth by decree from up high. The blind messengers of the Luscious Law brought down judgment a week after every birth.

The train started, chugging along the rusty tracks. After a few stops, Cevin found himself alone in the train. Putrijunction Cave was not densely populated, and not many people came out too far past the Sun.

“Biscuit Brink. The next stop is Biscuit Brink. This is the last stop,” the Candy Conductor shouted over the speakers. Cevin stepped out of the train, twirling his cane absentmindedly. The air was colder here. The Starburst Sun’s light was distorted and played by bony stalactites. Gas lamps lit the town, but could not illuminate every dark cavey corner in these outskirts. And then there was the cold wind that blew from the endless dark of the Brink.

They didn’t get many Candy Canes out here. A group of children had already gathered, whisper-ing and staring at him in awe. A brave kid ran up, blocking his path.

“W-w-will you sign my scone?” she asked, proffering a small cinnamon scone and tube of black frosting. Cevin dipped a dapper smile and tipped his hat. The hat was tipped by Cevin, who tipped the hat which was, at the moment, at the ex-tremity of Cevin’s finger as a result of being tipped. Cevin’s smile warbled drippy and pappy.

“Of course, little one. What’s your name?”

“U-u-ursula,” she answered, shaking her hips shyly back and forth with an innocent smile. “I’m gonna be a Ulu Baker when I grow up.”

Cevin sparkled and took the offering, signing the scone with the frosting: “CEVIN to Ulu Ursula”

“Wow, thank you Cevin!” she shouted happily, receiving the starstruck scone. She ran off to show her friends.

Cevin’s smile melted. Focus on your duty. He hastily strode down toward the Cinnamon Mines.

To be continued...

[BZZZZT] TRANSMISSION [FUZZ] (80)

3 Name: VIPPER : 2005-08-23 08:39

Not Found

Make it approximately 3-5" long in the side of the beast. Place it just below waist level. The chants are to cease before the Cut is drawn and to continue when the host grants the ritual. The ceremony. TRANSMISSION START

The eldest ready man makes grants. To anyone listening. Date is 2014-03-23. Codename is 3D78EA25. One of the last safe havens for VIP QUALITY content, mother-ship SAoVQ, keeps getting bombed by the Elitist Superstruc-

ture, its sympathisers and the brainwashed masses. It is weird to think that the one gigamastodontic battlecruiser of evil (that shall not be named) is attracting thousands daily, other battlecruisers are getting hundreds of daily signups, but no one wants to follow the path to creative free-dom. While they shout battle cries of dubious quality such as “PRE-PARE YOUR ANUS” or “FUCK OFF NEWFAGS”, we don’t even have a battle cry. We don’t even battle. We just want to keep creating VIP QUALITY content. We ...

Two-Five, send a 427, then get your ass over here, turret 6! Interceptors, sector 3-1-4! To anyone near coordinates I293407, this is mothership SAoVQ! We have at least three squads converging on us; need immediate support from everyone available! Say again, need immediate support! They seem to be going for their minds. Proceed when preparation is fully complete. Have the men strip, and ready the knives. TRANSMISSION END

Begin night Cloudle support! and a They seem to be going for their minds. Proceed when preparation is fully complete. Have the men strip, and ready the knives. TRANSMISSION END

The host is to make the first cut while his aids work to restrain the horse and continue to build up their necessary concentration for their turn.

BOOM bwwwwZAP KKBANG SHHKCRASH Two-Five, send a 427, then get your ass over here, turret 6! Interceptors, sector 3-1-4! To anyone near coordinates I293407, this is mothership SAoVQ! We have at least three squads converging on us; need immediate support from everyone available! Say again, need immediate support! They seem to be going for their minds. Proceed when preparation is fully complete. Have the men strip, and ready the knives. TRANSMISSION END

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# [SPORTS] FOOTBALL [ANALYSIS][SPORTS] (1)

4 Name: VIPPER : 2004-11-03 18:48

Receipt For SATAD-  
Soccer: The Beautiful Game?  
Football

For the obligatory sports article of issue 1 of the Savva Zine, I decided to analyze the sport "Football" to see if it is truly beautiful. "Football" is also called "Soccer", but I like the name "Football" more. To analyze whether "Football" ("Soccer") is beautiful, I'll look at its components individually. I don't care if it's fallacy of composition or whatever fancy college terms you have. First of all, let's look at the ball. From which "Football" gets half of its name. Generally it's made up of white hexagons and black pentagons. Although the design is neat, I wouldn't call it "Beautiful". Most "Football" players aren't beautiful either. So far "Football" is 0 for 2 in beauty-checks. The field on which "Football" is played is made of grass and white lines. If maintained properly, grass is very beautiful. White lines are hit and miss. Usually when a "Football" game is in progress, there are spectators. These spectators can range from toothless drunks to toothless newboms. Looking at it, "Football" is really not that beautiful.

Ugh -

< Uh oh, I'm drownin' again.



# [MUSIC] AMOEBA (3)

12 Name: VIPPER : 2006-03-03 01:59

AMOEBa in Hollywood CA

AMOEBa has to be one of the most well-known music store in LA. The store is pretty big. I'm personally a fan of cassettes when it comes to physical music. The tape section was crammed in the corner while the LPs & CDs got prime floorspace. It's understandable, but I felt like all the hip record collectors thought I was lame. The layout of the store was nice. There were 3 main sections: guitar music, electronic music, and art music (jazz, classical, shit like Stockhausen). The second floor was all DVD and Blu-rays. There were two girls taking photos on the stairs blocking our way. I rudely said "Do they really have to fucking do this right here?" My friend met us there and we fucked around a bit then walked around Hollywood a bit. Beard Papa was out of Paris Brest so we left. A dude in a Sonic costume said something to my friend and a black dude selling rap CDs called my other friend a "Faggot". There were like 5 guys in Spider-Man costumes. My dad decided to give me my razor and a book of poetry I left at their house when I was there for Christmas break. Good thing too because I was starting to look homeless. Then we went to Little Tokyo. My friend bailed on us and my other friend had no money so he watched me eat curry and karage. All in all AmoeBa fuckin' sucked. Not VIP quality.

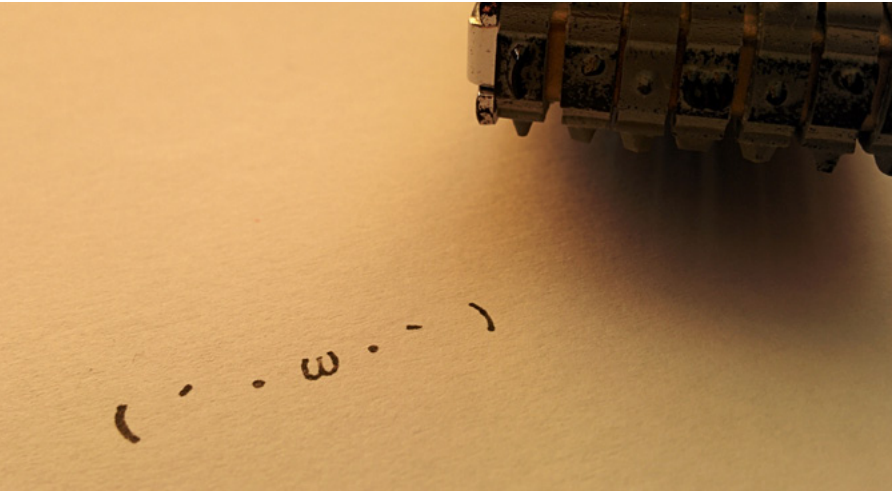
Ugh -



[AA] (´ · ω · `) [PHOTOGRAPHY] (38)

11 Name: VIPPER : 2003-08-13 10:58

(´ · ω · `)



(´ · ω · `)



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[FEEL] TEMPURO [MUSIC] (0)

5 Name: VIPPER : 2009-07-06 16:10



Templo is a brilliant song, but not a great song. The song is played by GONTITI, a Japanese guitarist known for

his soothing and organic melodies, and Arto Lindsay, an American singer that spent many of his years living in Brazil. GONTITI plays distant and intimate guitar parts, while Arto Lindsay sings us a story in Portuguese. I haven't got a clue what the story is about, but that lends itself to the fantastic atmosphere.



It's so organic, yet the tones are so abstract. It reminds me of light-houses, flotsams and pure white. I remember

after the first time hearing it, I sang it all morning at full volume, knowing all too well I was making a lot of mistakes. I gained more volume and I was shouting and grunting the volume, messing up at every turn, laughing maniacally.



These sweet and organic Bossa Nova tones are only the base, however. For the lead role of the song, a repeated tempo

of round beeps is played in a tone that would usually be highly unfitting, but instead is wonderfully bizarre and fantastic. The tempo is beautifully crafted. My heart synchronizes with it and it pauses at the same irregular intervals; it's quite exciting.

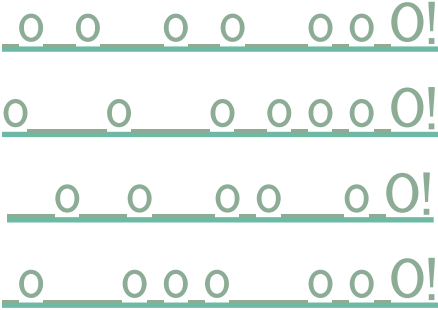


It doesn't have that effect on me anymore, but when it comes up in my playlist, I still listen carefully, letting

the marvelous tempo stir me at every little bump and pause.



Here's a visual representation of the tempo:



## [PASSION] WHY AND HOW n°1[PURE] (3)

6 Name: **VIPPER** : 1993-09-2130 06:30

### FIND YOUR TRUE PASSION AND STICK WITH IT

Firstly, what is a passion? A vocation? A way-of-life? Is it a call from a lost vipper angel? Nah let's check the definition of our dear book, the dictionary:

**Passion: keen interest in something/ very strong emotion that goes against reason**

The passion is something that GIVE YOU emotions, but we will see that it's not automatic.

When you are learning something new, they are some levels :

Level 0 : The dream, it is a picture/cliché of what you want to become or practice

Level 1 : Thinking with your rational brain, it's intellectual.

Level 2 (1-3years) : Errors and trials, but you are proud of yourself. Give you emotions.

Level 3 (3-7years) : You are mastering your technique, you are in the 1 % and give you pure pleasure. You COULD win you life with your passion.

EXAMPLE with me :

Level 0: I want to become mangaka, because, I find some slice of life/seinen absolutely awesome.

Level 1 : Drawing on tablet,coloring,inking,drafting,discover a lot of ways of drawings, basic of perspective, simple structure, lifedrawing,etc...

Level 2 : I choose Yonkoma with animals for speaking the life of people, its MY niche.Drawing manga is too hard for me yet.

My level is somehow here right now.

Level 3 : I'm trying to master the G-pen, Maru-pen, ans Saji-pen , all Zebra with pilot inking. I want to be an incredible Inker.

And that's it !

I think that all of viper reader know their way, but, perhaps, some don't. Or they are stuck with their multiple likes.

## How to find you passion? Level 0 ?

Here we go.

Take a paper and a pencil, some quiet time with yourself, without any TV or whatever.

Your future time depends on it.

- 1) Put all the things you like, or would want, or be, or have. ALL the things on the innocent paper. Take a day for that, really.
- 2) Have you take all a day for doing the 1) ?, no? then redo it, time is QUALITY.
- 3) Then

**QUESTION N°1 : Which interest you are excellent?**

**QUESTION N°2: Which interest you are stronger than the majority?**

**QUESTION N°3: Which interest give you already pleasure, excitation and energy?**

**QUESTION N°4 :Which interest where normal people are not good enough?**

**QUESTION N°5 :Which interest where the quality information / service is rare ?**

**QUESTION N°6 :Which interest can you begin with you means ?**

Normally, you must find 1 passion with theses filters but sometimes we are stuck with 2 or 3 of them.

## VIPPING wildly in the 21st century (98)

10 Name: **VIPPER** : 2013-11-03 04:30

Incomprehensible prose completely intentional

The origins of VIPPER culture for the English-speaking Internet world is muddy and chaotic at best, born as the result of haphazard attempts to port sprawling Japanese-inspired textboard communities and revived by loose groups of people in the early days of the infiltration of imageboard culture in the Western World. Drawing parallels to the formation of the West's largest imageboard, inspired by Futaba and fueled by Goons, so has the VIPPER community been ultimately inspired by 2channel and fueled by longing Western, White Pig eyes.

Loyal to the tried-and-true methodology of Internet Community Architecture, first came the original seeds that would then sprawl into the sites we know today: World2ch at first, and 4chan's textboards later – the original interference between Japanese and Western users causing the first influx of what, over the years, morphed into the mutated intricacies of Japanese VIPPERdom into a full-fledged culture: a set of memes and interests that united people from all over the world in a way that not even 4chan, the imageboard behemoth, could shadow.

A small, tightly knit userbase kept the community free from outsider influences, and its “textboard slang” evolution carried on guided only by the direct translation of kopipes and AA variations. True to its roots and its nature so typical of Japanese, the home of both VIPPER and DQN alike experienced no userbase explosion – instead, its method of gathering numbers differed radically from any run of the mill internet community.

Active textboards are not advertised outside of their cultural sphere –i.e. other textboards–, and word of mouth advertising is, sometimes, implicitly frowned upon. However, people who are

naturally drawn to the mystery and appeal of Easter Internet customs are compelled to research and dig further and further into a constantly decaying archive of websites, tying up the loose ends to finally grasp the extent of the so-called VIPPERSphere. This surely strikes many a reader as familiar – if you were not in the very earliest of days, you have most likely reached DADDYCOOL's realm after an extensive journey through the Internet in search for answers of years gone by and stayed after realizing with glee that you were not alone.

And, with the superhuman pace of the Web today, in the era of social media, with imageboards growing exponentially and Net culture constantly percolating to our IRL, the VIPPER is afraid of his companions losing interest in search for greener pastures. IRC channels are places of professional idling, and the post count has not accelerated over the years. This may be for some a sign of the end of VIPPERTimes, but for most it is only proof of the quaint, quiet, subtle nature of all things VIP. However, the VIPPER's guard must not be let down. Internet ephemerality remains a looming threat for all of us, and it is the userbase's role that the community does not decay, for one is the other.

It is our responsibility to leave our shrines in a way that they seem as welcoming houses instead of ruins of yesteryears for those newcomers who wish to learn the ancient ways of VIP. It is our duty to perpetuate the life of VIPPER values, morals and customs, for we are the ambassadors of VIP beyond the walls of moonspeak. It is our mission to carry on VIPPING, today and tomorrow.



## [Letter] Peculiar Habit (10)

9 Name: **VIPPER** : 2001-04-22 12:38

Dear All,

there is a peculiar part of my habits that I often wear as a badge of pride, though it is considered a rather unfortunate condition. "Pride" should not be intended as "I flaunt in public my preferences," but rather as a "it's a thing I say often enough that it constitutes part of my character and personality." In the eyes of others, it must seem like I crave attention and found a specific quirk to instill some reaction in people around me; if this was the case, I'd say it works fairly well! Jocular remarks of many peers address my need to be "educated," "helped," "encouraged with good company," while close friends lean more on the getting "re-educated," "cured," "subject to mandatory attendance" side. Nonetheless, I will stand unrepentant in dwelling inside what is perceived as a social stigma among my associates.

I don't feel like my position on this issue stems from a trauma or any other psychological discomfort – I don't feel like my refusal is born from a desire to avoid something I don't like. Sure, given the chance, I immediately and systematically shoot down any request that remotely implies my personal involvement in this type of behavior, but I don't chastise anyone who does; I'm fairly tolerant and gracefully accept that conversation can and will be steered in that direction even if I'm not very comfortable on the topic and I'd rather discuss something else.

It's not like I didn't even try to make some steps outside the comfort zone. I listened, sometimes intently, to accounts and remarks about the various facets and positive insights derived from other people's experience, especially when they are well-thought and intelligently argued. I even pushed myself as far as searching actively for written opinions, all because I didn't want to be clueless everytime someone started to speak volumes about a thing I didn't care about in the slightest. I admit it's childish to do something just to not feel "outside," but what would you have done when you realized girls would eventually introduce the topic? It would look weird if I said "no, I don't want to" when the invite happens.

Well, now I guess it's time to get this out of my system. I don't watch movies or TV series.

(Whew, that's better).

I hope I'm not alone in this.



Example with me : I always want make some type of musical-choreography, on epic music, with lots of people, writing the story of normal people struggling with fantasy monsters, it give me an incredible amount of pleasure to do this.

I want to make people dreaming.

But it needs a LOT of materials and people, be realistic, no means at all. But drawing is really good alternative and basically no money.

You didn't found what you like yet? It's ok. The last thing you can do is to try the first on the list. Try it during a whole week, go to search and practice if you can. If you can't practice, watch videos on youtube.

Why you might stick with you passion during the next 7 years? If you want a true passion, you must dig it with all your guts. And it is proven that 7 years ( ~10 000 hours of hard work ) is the level of a professional.

But I don't want be a monster of knitting! 1 years of learning is enough, no? Personally, I don't know, but the really important in this article is not the treasure at the end but **the freaking way to do it. If you can handle 7 years of high focused work of one subject, you will probably do it for another thing, and it is really, really VIP QUALITY. (then really really rare to see people "playing" with their passion at 100% )**

### Stuck with the work and with your passion

I happens sometimes that we didn't think well before, its human to make errors (almost before the diploma when people pressure you )but it must be retake with a positive attitude.

For my part, I'm a technician in electricity, but I like arts too. I'm deeply interest in robotics but I fuc\*\*\*g hate the unemployment that it will create.

And on the other side, I like to make people dreaming, smiling , stop to make them think about their modern phone and social life, homecoming where we are all kids you see.

SO I USE THE TWO SIDES OF MY BRAIN, when I can't use my rational brain, the irrational take the work. And if I can, I mix up the 2.

It is fine to have a work you like 50%, because you can't living well with your passion yet ( arts are the worse for that ), and you will always learn in the work.

But when you day is done, for people who have time, take that time for your passion, or waste it on some videos games, it is your choice.

Tip : Weightlifting is really good for : be in shape, learn discipline, push yourself, throw off the clichés, filter the dumb

Source : Me

## I hope it help you.

Thanks for the Secret area of WIP Quality, M. Daddy Cool and fellows VIPPERS.

----French Vipper 1 ----hell ye

sic

## [viptronIX] VIPTRONIC IX review (593)

7 Name: **VIPPER** : 2008-11-30 04:02



You were all waiting, and now, it's here! Viptronic IX, cleverly titled viptronIX with the subtitle "'we' are taking over", was recently released with an amazing outturn of sixty-one minutes of VIP music. I'm going to attempt to write a critical review of the album with no in-depth knowledge of music, so this review will mostly be a heuristical look at the Viptronic IX album.

**viptronix** "we're taking over" COLLECTOR'S EDITION

To start, I was completely impressed with the quality of music that was published in the album. That may sound silly and somewhat redundant considering the album's VIP origins, but regardless, I think it needs to be stated right off the bat: this album is worth listening to!

The Viptronic series seems to be an outlet for VIPPER musical creativity, and oh were they creative in viptronIX with track names ranging from “Megaman struggles with existential problems” to “That’s Not What A Horse Vagina Would Look Like At All.” This album truly is a glimpse into the minds of VIP madmen.

Viptronic IX begins with an old recording of Orson Welles who introduces the world's greatest musicians, which serves as a fitting introduction to the album considering what follows. And what follows is a mixture of electronic and experimental music of VIP quality. Each track complimenting the next. Some of the more notable tracks were "sertao," "early morning SAoVQ," "Entrancing Rupestrian Art in Cave B," and "Deadline."

One of tracks that especially stood out was “Empty Bags (Bags With No Messages).” This track was a wonderful blend of piano and harmonics accompanied by odd sound clips and other various layers of noise. You probably couldn’t listen to this song twice and get the same experience out of it. I should also mention “GEGENÜBER DEM EIS” which is a great remix (and I say improvement) of a popular song by a famous rapper.

Unfortunately, not all tracks were flawless. For instance, the song “Megaman struggles with existential problems” had two sound tracks that didn’t seem to fit together. I felt that if the author would have slowed down the song from Megaman to match the beat of the other track, it would have fit perfectly. Another song that had a problem with dissonance in the beat was “Under the Moon.” This track wasn’t as bad as the Megaman one, but the drums didn’t seem to fit during certain parts of the song and especially towards the end.

An additional song that threw me off was the soon to be infamous track, “kill me.” This song begins with a nice low frequency tone played against the beautiful sounds of nature, but this moment only last for a short while as the once peaceful tone increases in both amplitude and frequency. The track left my ears bleeding and my speakers broken. However, I wouldn’t say it was too bad of a track. You’re given a pretty long and slow build up to the ear rape, which gives the listener a chance to back out before the truly ear wrenching noises begins to play.

The only other thing that really bothered me in this album was the rick roll on “so uh how did we get ipx working last time.” It wasn’t too big of a deal, but it irritated me that a perfectly good song was ruined by a pretty old and overused reference. Still, the music before the rick roll was one of the better tracks on the album.

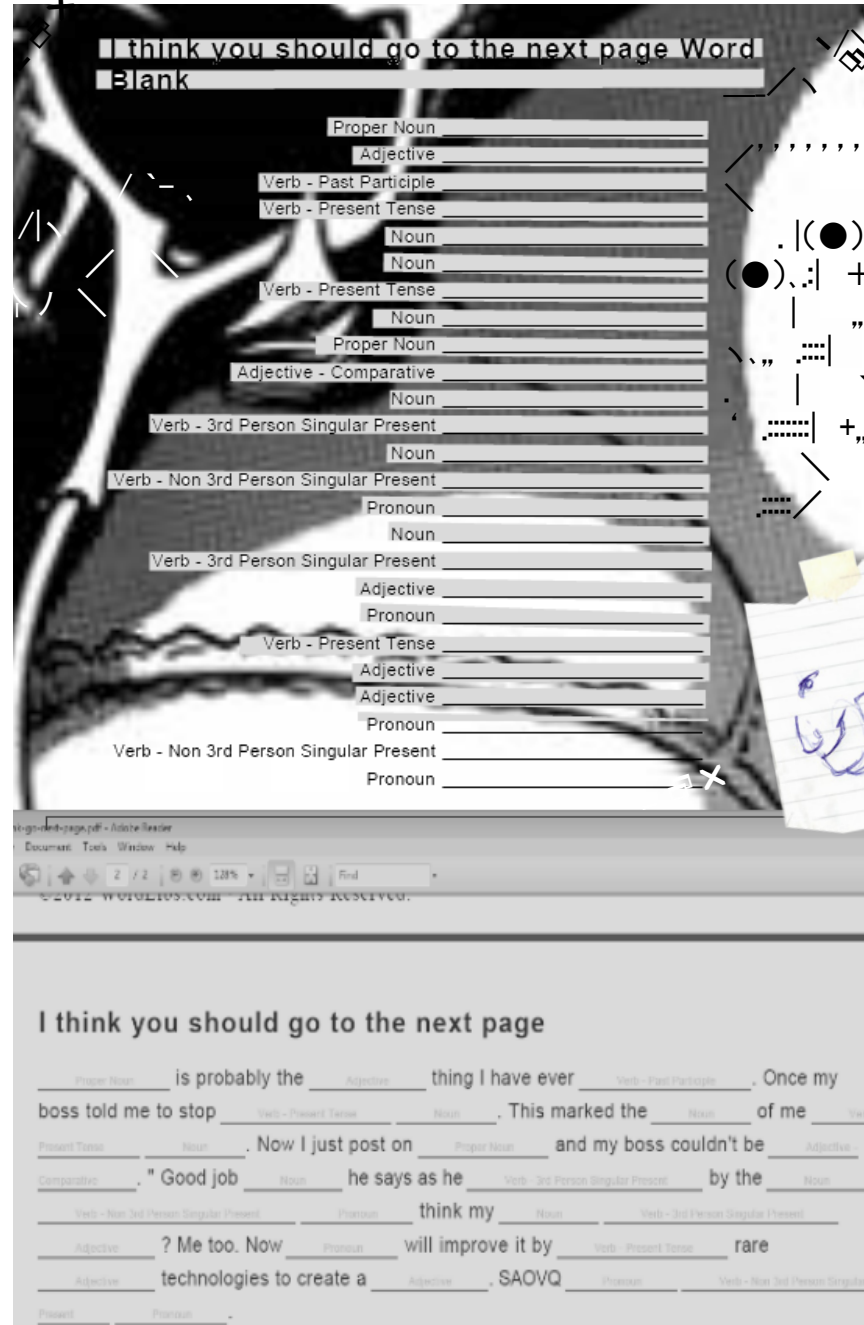
As for which tracks were the best, I would say the two that really put me in awe were "'We' wanna be a VIP" and surprisingly "That's Not What A Horse Vagina Would Look Like At All." The Horse Vagina track seemed very professionally made, which makes me wonder how much of it was original content. Either way, it was a pleasure to listen to. And the other great track, "'We' wanna be a VIP," was outstanding. Out of all the tracks, this one was my favorite. I feel like this track may one day become the anthem of SAoVQ.

That's it for this year! I can't wait to see what VIPTRONIC X has in store!

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8 Name: **VIPPER** : 2003-01-10 14:52



A hand-drawn diagram of a cell. It features a large, irregular outer boundary representing the cell membrane. Inside, there is a smaller, more rounded structure representing the nucleus, which is shaded with a stippled pattern. The space between the nucleus and the cell membrane is filled with a wavy, scribbled pattern representing the cytoplasm.